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IN MEMORIAM

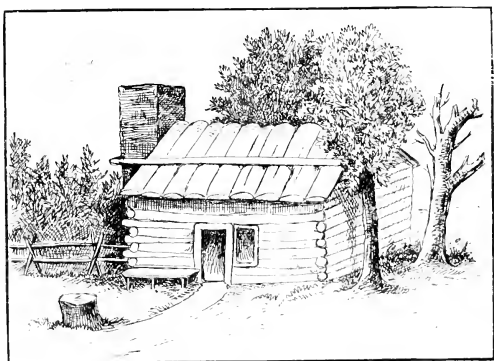


JAMES A. GARFIELD
ELECTED 1.
PRESIDENT
2ND NOV. 1880.
ASSASSINATED
2ND JULY 1881.



JAMES

Garfield



THE OLD LOG CABIN.
(Garfield's Birthplace.)

In Memoriam

OF

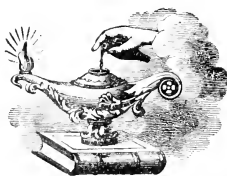
JAMES A. GARFIELD,

(Late President of the United States,)

BY

Mrs. M. D. LINCOLN,

(Bessie Beech.)



F. J. BRAENDLE & CO. OF WASHINGTON.
PUBLISHERS,
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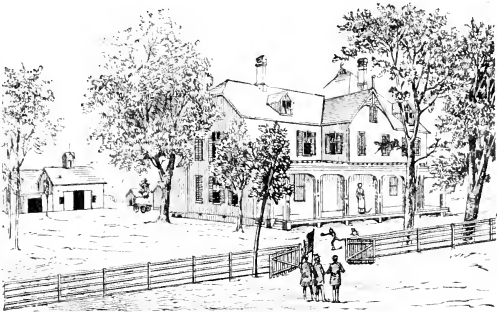
TO THE
BRAVE AND DEVOTED
LUGRETIA R. GARFIELD,
WHOSE ENNOBLING VIRTUES WERE THE INSPIRATION
OF A GREAT STATESMAN'S LIFE,
THIS SOUVENIR
IS DEDICATED BY THE
AUTHORESS.



*I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice
is ever lost.*

JAMES A. GARFIELD.





PART I.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

*H*ISTORY'S pages, through the ages,
 Will recount a story strange,
 As good sires round their fires
 Reverently their thoughts exchange.

*How a lad whose only birthright
 Was a widowed mother brave;
 She so strong, and true, and tender,
 Praying God her boy to save.*

*He with tidy clothes grown threadbare,
 Plodding towards a summit grand,
 While he followed up the tow-path
 In this free and happy land.*

*Mother praying, he obeying
 All the earnest words she said;
 He progressing, she directing,
 Watching where his footsteps led.*

*Day by day he mounted higher,
 Fought his way to Fame's reward,
 Till the Nation proudly gave him
 All that trust and right accord.*

*Campaign fires were burning brightly
 On the hilltop, through the vale.
 Every patriot doing duty
 Said, "There's no such word as 'fail.'"*

*And the Nation stood up proudly,
 Every patriot side by side,
 Till we heard the echo ringing
 Through the country far and wide.*

*Foremost in the campaign struggle
 Stood our statesmen in the ranks,
 And they worked for James A. Garfield,
 And they have a Nation's thanks.*

*Peace was reigning, triumph gaining,
 And the echo thrilled the land;
 They're elected, we're protected,
 Echoed on from strand to strand*

*Dost remember, 'twas November,
 On that grand election day,
 Grandma listened, tears they glistened,
 For 'twas James who led the way.*

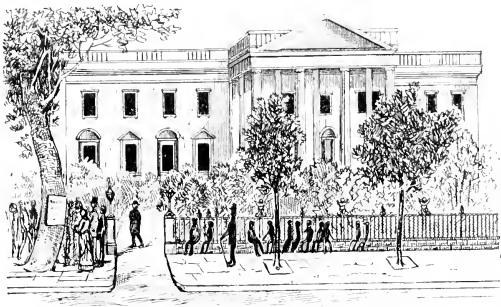
*March winds blowing, throngs a-going
 Where the chieftain took the oath,
 Turning proudly, brow so lofty,
 Kissed his wife and mother, both!*

*Summer morning, not a warning,
 That eventful July day,
 Happy hearted, Garfield started,
 Saw no danger in the way.*

*Arm in arm with Blaine he started,
 Chatting as they passed along
 Of harmonious re-unions,
 Heeding not the busy throng.*

*On the peaceful air of summer
 Whizzing came the fatal shot;
 Garfield fell, and terror-stricken
 Hundreds hurried to the spot.*

*From the depot back they bore him,
 Where he stood an hour before,
 On the threshold of the White House,
 Now to cross it never more!*



PART II.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

*O*H, that weary day of watching,
Oh, the pain of long delay;
"Is it time for Crete to get here?"
O'er and o'er he asked that day.

Whirling, flying, faster, faster!
On and on the train was sped,
Till the fiery engine halted,
And the track was glowing red.

Did the wife and mother heed it,
Heed the awful danger near,
When the driving rods were broken,
And the men were pale with fear?

Seren 'twas striking, fast the driving
Of the foaming steed he heard—
"Crete is coming," hear the rumbling,
And his lips in prayer were stirred.

Oh, the sacred solemn silence,
When the spirit quickly hears,
And the years pass in a moment,
When eternity appears.

*Calmly from the painful meeting,
 Forth the wife and mother came,
 And through weeks of grief and anguish
 She was always just the same.*

*Dying! shot by traitorous villain!
 Garfield dying, did you say?
 Paralyzed the people heard it
 On that awful July day.*

*Ah, not dead! long, long and weary
 Were the weeks he tortured lay,
 But a letter to his mother
 Wrote her boy one summer day.*

*"Do not be disturbed, dear mother,
 By reports you hear of me;
 It is true I'm weak and feeble,
 But I soon shall stronger be.*

*Only time and only patience
 Now are needed, mother dear;
 They will bring me through the ordeal;
 You need have no anxious fear."*

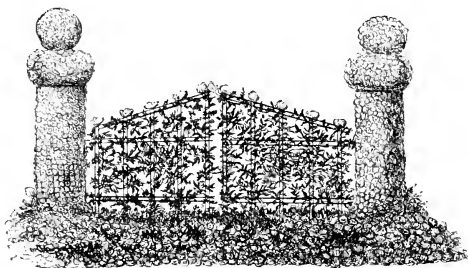
*"I am weary, take me homeward;
 Back to Mentor carry me,
 Or beside the dear old ocean,
 By the glorious deep blue sea,*

*I could rest and soon grow better,"
 Said the dying statesman brave;
 And they heeded his entreaties,
 After counsel sad and grave.*

*In the gray of autumn morning,
 Forth from out the White House came
 Solemn men and anxious women
 Breathing James A. Garfield's name.*

*Oh, the pathos of that picture!
 Oh, the look on that white face!
 Oh, the changed and altered visage
 That we saw in Garfield's place!*

*Tenderly they bore him onward
 Through the hushed and silent street,
 And the flying train delayed not,
 While his pulses quicker beat.*



PART III.

A NATION'S GRIEF.

*W*hen the pallid face so weary
 Came a smile of calm content
 When he saw the grand old ocean,
 Where his eyes were eager bent.

Soon, ah, soon, he watched the glory
 Fade from out the sunset sun,
 And the moaning billows murmured,
 "Ere the dawn thy race is run."

Not a last word ever speaking;
 Not a last good-by he said;
 Quick the summons, fierce the struggle,
 When the prisoned spirit fled!

Ah, September, we remember,
 And the Nation's heart was chill,
 Sad bells tolling, flags low floating,
 For the statesman cold and still.

Back beneath the Dome they bore him,
 Where the echo scarce had died
 Of his strong and buoyant footsteps,
 Firm in manhood's strength and pride.

*Now embalmed in hearts forever,
 Memory brought here incense rare,
 And the flowers that bloom immortal
 With their fragrance cluster there.*

*Through the ages history's pages
 Traced in martyrs' blood must be;
 Deeds appalling with their warning
 Generations hence shall see.*

*What were fame, or what were honor,
 Crowns or kingdoms, to compare
 With the sacrifice of Lincoln,
 Or the suffering Garfield bore?*

*Let our rulers make the bulwarks
 Of this Government so strong,
 In defense of truth and justice,
 Right may triumph over wrong.*

*Shall this grand and glorious Union
 Retrograde to barbarous reign?
 No! let statesmen shield our rulers
 With their honor once again!*

*Flag and freedom, press and people,
 Guardians of our Nation be,
 Sacred trust have all our rulers
 In this country of the free.*

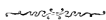
*Hero! peace to thee forever!
 Laurel-crowned by good and wise,
 Hearts a cenotaph will build thee
 Reaching even to the skies!*





PART I.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.



PART II.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.



PART III.

THE NATION'S GRIEF.







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